

PUBLIC LEDGER.

Office: 13 Madison Street.
This paper is published every afternoon, except Sunday, at No. 13 Madison Street, St. Louis, Mo.
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that Merritt was married to two women in this city about three years ago, under the name of Linsley; one of them he took to Washington, where he deserted her, and he served the other in the same way at Chicago, after borrowing \$500 from her mother, Merritt was also married about a year ago to a woman in Painesville, Ohio; next to a woman in Jersey City; then to a woman in Philadelphia; also to a woman in Little Rock, Ark.; and he was engaged to the daughter of an ex-Governor of Missouri. He has kept up correspondence with his wives, but was always careful to mail his letters on postal cars, so that he might not be traced, and he never gave directions where letters could be addressed to him.

BITTEN BY A PINEAPPLE.

The Terrible Experience of a Camden Bartender.

Philadelphia Times.

"Murder! I'm bit! I'm a dead man! Run, somebody! I'm snake-bitten!" shrieked a man in Howe's liquor store, Camden. A crowd of people rushed in from the street under the impression that a deed of the most horrible atrocity had been committed. They found Howe's bartender, his eyes dilated with horror, and his face blanched to the lips with fear, leaning in a weak, bewildered way against a billiard table, and waving his right arm in their air like a windmill in a storm.

"What's the matter? Who stabbed you? Which way did he go?" cried the crowd in wild excitement, entirely oblivious of the fact that seven bottles of beer were standing on the bar untouched.

"I'm bit, I say. Can't you see that I'm a dead man? Run, somebody, quick—I'm snake-bitten!" howled the fear-crazed man in helpless agony. "Oh, the pineapple bit him," unfeelingly remarked a red-nosed, seamy individual, as he emptied the beer and helped himself to copious draughts. "Poisoned, I reckon. Bile's awful dangerous."

It is well known that the bite of a pineapple is not in the least dangerous, but the bartender, who had roughly handled the serpent and received a vicious bite on the finger, was not aware of the fact and was almost frantic with fear. In the man's extremity an appeal was made to Howe.

"Don't know," said he. "How can I tell whether it will kill you or not? The snake never bit me." The bartender, assisted by his friends, was hustled off to a doctor, who looked wise and applied caustic to the finger and advised liberal doses of rum for the man. Five physicians were visited, each one advising a frequent use of the inebriating fluid. When the victim returned to the saloon he was feeling very happy, and had survived the immediate fear of death.

"The doctors (hiss) say I'd better drink (hiss) freely of liquor, stammered he, as he viewed Howe with a dubious look.

"Yes, there's the bar. Go behind it and fill up till you're fuller than a Chester rum barrel," said Howe.

A second invitation was not necessary, and in an hour the man was raving, swearing, fighting, intoxicated, professed to own the store and to be a member of councils. He even manifested an over-weening anxiety to swallow the snake, and would have found it around his neck had he been able to walk across the floor. When morning came, and his head was similar in size to a balloon, he was informed of the ghastly joke perpetrated upon him in his ignorance of poisonous reptiles.

Stage People.

Speaking of prominent American actors in general and Mary Anderson in particular, the Louisville Post says: It is of interest to observe the methods of the actors and their agents during the summer interval. There is a certain legitimate way of building up a character by means of newspapers, but it not only requires skill to do it, but a certain basis of truth. As a result of the summer's work we find many failures and a few pronounced successes. Newspapers will republish matters of genuine interest, and will even take hold of ingenious romances if they are not too palpably "plants."

John Owens seems to have been under bad management. He has suffered a loss in those elements of character which are so subtle and necessary to attract the public. He has permitted it to get out that he is compelled to sell the last remnant of his property on account of losses entailed by his failures with his new plays. "The Man from Cattaraugus" was condemned. That was an open fact. He couldn't help that. But, greatly to his misfortune and very unjustly, his financial losses will be taken as evidence of declining popularity. It is a bad incident and omen for his coming season.

Among those who have gained by the summer rest and the gossip connected with it are Booth, McCullough, Florence, Raymond, Den Thompson and Miss Mary Anderson. The Kentucky actress has especially profited by the good will of the correspondents, the fact of her manager, and her own way of life. She appeared in this season with a character freshened up by incident. Let us see. In the conception of the public her home at Long Branch is one of the happiest. She is averse to bathing. She has amused herself with a yacht. Her horses have been of the best that Kentucky can afford. She has been represented as studious, affectionate in her family, dashing, beautiful, pure, an agreeable and hospitable entertainer, a good talker, without open enemies, liked and admired within and without the profession. This is an excellent character to start on the season with. The qualities and the surroundings indicated are genuine, it matters not if any degree designed for effect professionally. She is the only actress in the country and almost in the world, which is saying a great deal, in the possession of such fortunate attributes.

The thirty-eight States of the Union contains 22,299 counties. Texas leads off, having 151 counties, followed closely by Georgia's 137. After Georgia the table comes Kentucky with 117 counties; Missouri, 115; Virginia, 105; Illinois, 102; Iowa, 99; Tennessee and North Carolina, each 94; and Indiana, 92. As a rule the Southern States have more counties than the Northern States.

"HANLIN" JUSTICE.

How a Justice of the Peace Bent a Technically.

Little Rock Gazette.

Sandy Horn, black, was taken before Justice Snow, black, having been arrested at the instance of Minerva Serrog, who charged him with breach of promise.

"Sandy," said the justice, "dis is a mighty bad card fur a man ob yer age. Why did yer wantter trick wid dat oman's feelings?"

"Jedge, dis case is all a mistake. I'll tell yer how it occurred. Tuther night at a getherin' ob black folks, I steps on to do an' an' sex, sex I. 'Any likely oman in dis crowd what thinks dat I won't marry her is mighty mistaken.' Den dis Nerry, ober dar, limped out and tuck up de offer. I said a oman. Yer can't count dat thing as a oman. Does I want a thing wid dew pizen on her feet? S'pose I wantter oman what I'll hab ter l'f ober de fence? I ain't no hospital stage. I see a man, I is."

"I'll hab ter l'f ober yer own knowledge. Yer promised ter marry her."

"Wall, jedge, as I see dis de defense on one proposition, I'll try it on anuder, an' ef I can introjuce a technicality yer'll let me off, wont yer?"

"Yes," replied the judge, "when a man probes a technicality, he's a free man. De laws made by de Legislature can't aid away wid de technicality."

"Wall, now, I said dat ef any likely oman in dis crowd thought dat I could let marry her, she was mighty mistaken."

"Yes."

"Wall, wan't she mighty mistaken? Oh, I see yer."

The judge studied for a few moments. His face suddenly assumed an expression of victory. "Now hen, I'll up yer technicality wid one ob my own. Any likely oman yer said, Now, by yer own knowledge dis oman ain't likely."

"Yer's got me jedge."

"Mr. constable, take dis man ter jail. Talk to me 'bout handlin' justice."

Dean Stanley is described as one of the most charming of hosts. He seemed to make each one rise to his highest level, and this not so much by leading the conversation, or even by pitching it high, as by lifting it up from time to time and giving it a fresh or noble tone. His kindly eye kept glancing on all, and his ready ear was quick to catch anything good, especially if spoken by a more backward guest. Then he would draw out the speaker and help him to do justice to himself. The Dean's table was a republic of the best sort, giving an equality of opportunities and a unity of spirit. This was the more remarkable as there were gathered together people of the most various sorts; the one fusing element was the personality of the Dean, and no one could resist that.

Chicago Tribune: "The opportunities for flirtation are far too great at the Thomas concert. Not only do the intermissions afford occasion for dangerous promenades, during which entangling alliances may be formed, but in the vast hall there are numerous retired nooks and corners, out of the way places, suitable to indulgence in soft dalliance of a character to quite appall prudent mothers and jealous husbands. Above all, the walk under the intoxicating influence of the moonlight south of the hall is calculated to destroy the last vestige of those Puritanical ideas which have hitherto exerted so potent an influence upon the character of the inhabitants of Chicago. Men of forty, fifty and sixty years of age, men with short cropped white hair, men with bald heads, men with wigs and colored mustaches—evidently bathelors or grass widowers or deserted husbands—may be seen nightly in this moonlight walk assuming the airs and, as near as gait and other infirmities will permit, the agile gait of young 'fellows,' uttering silly nothings to women who are plainly neither their wives, sisters nor mothers. A society should be formed for the prevention of cruelty to these superannuated old beaux."

Thinking Men

should take Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

Killed the Wrong Man.

Nashville Banner, 22d.

Jerry Horton, a colored Georgia convict, made his escape from Dade coal mines, several weeks ago, by jumping in an empty car, turning on the brakes, and giving it full headway down a steep grade. A reward of \$200 was offered for his capture. Saturday evening, a man at Tracy City saw a negro who answered to the description of Horton. He arrested the negro, but did not go far before the prisoner turned and knocked him down. He soon recovered, however, and saw the negro fleeing. He fired, and the shot took effect in the body of the supposed convict, killing him instantly. He then carried the remains to the mines, and it proved not to be Horton. The murderer was arrested.

A correspondent of The Boston Advertiser, writing of the late George Borrow's work on "The Bible in Spain" (1842), says: "It narrates, in exceedingly graphic style, Borrow's experiences (some of them very marvellous and even incredible) in distributing the New Testament in Spain. It was during this mission he first fell in with the Gypsies, who proved themselves to be his best friends by affording him material help and protection. Indeed, they claimed he was a Gypsy himself, as he acquired a perfect knowledge of their dialect. Borrow was a giant in stature, and as fearless as he was powerful, and succeeded in distributing a great many thousand copies of the Testament at the hazard of his life. With the exception of 'Don Quixote,' I don't know of any book that gives a better idea of interior Spain than Borrow's, and as for adventures the doughty knight himself scarce passed through more remarkable ones."

The only remarkable feature in the report of immigration for July, just issued by the Bureau of Statistics, is the marked decrease in immigration from Canada. Last year 12,716 immigrants came from that quarter in July, while the number in July, 1881, was only 4,800. It will be remembered that a surprisingly large immigration from Canada was one of the peculiar features of last year's returns, and there has been some doubt whether

the large numbers given represented in part immigrants from Europe, brought by steamer to Montreal, or persons previously resident in Canada. If the movement during the coming season should continue to resemble that of July, it would go far to settle the question. From Germany the immigration last month was 20,574 against 11,275 in July, 1880; from Norway, 2905, against 1743; from Sweden, 6067, against 3779; and there was also a marked increase in the arrivals from China. The German immigration amounts to nearly 37 per cent of the whole, and is unusually large.

JOE EMMETT HIMSELF AGAIN.

A Reconciliation Effected Between Himself and Wife.

Albany Journal.

It has been an open secret for more than a year past that Joseph K. Emmet (Frits) and his wife were not on the best of terms, and that was the reason why the popular actor behaved so badly. Every time that Mr. Emmet came to this city, Mr. Charles Leland has used his utmost endeavors to bring about a reconciliation, but has signally failed until yesterday.

With Mr. Emmet's boy Joseph, Mr. Leland called upon Mrs. Emmet and prevailed upon her to cast aside her hard feelings toward her husband and once more assume her rights as a lawful wife. Last evening the husband and wife met in the Delavan House, in Mr. Emmet's room. Matters were discussed and a reconciliation followed. The unpleasantness being settled, future plans agreed upon, and hereafter when the actor travels his wife will accompany him.

This morning a reporter of this paper met Mr. Emmet in one of the corridors of the Delavan House. His countenance was beaming with pleasure, and he was humming one of his favorite airs to himself.

"Well, Mr. Emmet, how do you find yourself?" the reporter asked.

"All right, old fellow; I am the happiest man alive; my wife and I have made up and hereafter I will be the old-fashioned Joe Emmet. I feel so happy that I can hardly contain myself. Do you know that ever since our unpleasantness began, which was through a misunderstanding, I have not felt like myself, and my wife also has not enjoyed herself at all."

"How did the thing come about?"

"Through the instrumentality of my friend, Charles Leland, God bless him for both of us. He has tried hard to bring us together since we separated, and at last his efforts are successful. He explained the misunderstanding which caused the trouble to my wife and afterward brought us together."

"How long have you been married?"

"Sixteen years; and a man after being married that length of time cannot bear to be away from his wife. When I would go home from the theater at night the room would be empty; no one to receive me, and I would see my wife's face in the wall on the ceiling. I could not sleep, and would take a glass of beer to try and put me to sleep. That would lead to whisky, and you know the rest. I made a vow not to drink, and I would not play when I was drunk, and when in that condition I would tell the manager to close the theater, and I would pay the damages, which I could not well afford to, having never been addicted to the habit of gambling."

"Is Mrs. Emmet going with you?"

"Yes, she is going to travel with me all over the world wherever I go, and when she is with me I won't want any drink. It nauseates me, and I never will drink again."

Dixie.

It is said that a prominent official informed Dixie Wagner's former boardinghouse mistress that she could return at any time and the police could not molest her as long as she behaved herself, as the record of the court read that she be released on promise of good behavior. It will be remembered that Dixie grossly insulted two young ladies and would have been sent to the Island but for the promise to enter the Mission Home and reform if allowed to do so. She made her escape from that institution by sliding down a rope, and departed for St. Louis. The police, however, look mighty knowing and calmly await her return.

BURNETT'S COCAINE

Promotes the Growth of the Hair

And renders it dark and glossy. It holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized Cocaine Oil, prepared expressly for this purpose. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

Colonel A. W. Soper, general manager of the St. Louis and Iron Mountain railroad, has presented his resignation, to take effect September 1. He will be succeeded by H. M. Hoxie, general manager of the Texas and International railroad. The latter road will alter that date to be run in connection with the Iron Mountain, the latter forming a through line from St. Louis to Laredo on the Rio Grande. Colonel Soper has long been identified with the Iron Mountain railroad. He is an able railroad man, and the news of his resignation will be received with regret in Arkansas, where he is so well known and highly appreciated.

Daniel Woods, an Indianapolis scissor-grinder, 104 years old, but hale and hearty still, loves to tell how he went to Nova Scotia, where he was born, to England, to serve under the Duke of Wellington in all his great campaigns. He took part in forty battles and skirmishes, including Waterloo. During his long service he received 132 sword cuts, a sabre stab in the eye, and eleven pistol or gunshot wounds. Since his return to America he has lived in Montreal, St. Albans, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Indianapolis. He has had seventeen children, of whom the eldest survivor is eighty-nine, and the youngest, by a second wife, twenty-three years old. This is the story which Daniel Woods tells, and if he can go gliding through it without changing color he ought to abandon scissor-grinding and take up diplomacy.

JEWS IN GERMANY.

How they are Treated at Water-tong Place—Lessing's "Nathan the Wise."

Kienack Letter to Pall Mall Gazette.

In a former letter I alluded to the great social ability of the Jews in Thuringian watering places and forest resorts, all the assembled guests fraternizing in a manner very agreeable to contemplation. I am sorry to have to dwell on one painful exception to this rule, and to note a phase of German life illustrating one of the best educated sections of the human race. The Jews, no matter their position, are never included in what our German neighbors call *gesellschaftlich*—traveling acquaintance. Wherever you go you find the Jews apart; their children do not join in the games of others in hotel gardens; they sit at table together, and while the other assembled guests bow and smile to each other and immediately begin a conversation, no notice at all is taken of the Jews. There are, indeed, one or two charming spots in the Thuringian forest which have become almost deserted by other tourists, simply because the Jews flock thither. We must live in Germany among German people to realize this extraordinary moral retrogression, as I must call it. I have heard kindly, well-bred, courteous Germans speak of the Jews in terms more bitter than anything ever said in my hearing by French Catholics of the Republicans, or vice versa, and when I have ventured to express my astonishment, and to reiterate the statement that no such feeling exists in England; that the Jews are received on precisely the same footing as others into society generally; that I was proud and happy to a number of Jews among my acquaintance, the only reply I could obtain was, and this accompanied by a look of semi-iracundity: "Then all we can say is, the Jews in England are not like those of Berlin and other places here."

Into the causes of this wave the anti-Jewish feeling now sweeping over Germany I cannot here enter. I feel, however, unable to pass by the most painful experience of my visit to Germany after an absence of ten years. The hue and cry being raised against the Socialists seems to an English mind irrational enough; what is that compared to the "Hep, he, hep," being raised against the Jews, and not by the ignorant and the vulgar only, but by the gentle and the learned? What avail in Germany the teachings of the great Lessing, whose ideal, as high, perhaps, as any in imaginative literature, was a Jew? If we look back a hundred years (an English writer on German life and literature, Dr. Japp, is here an admirable guide) we shall see how admirable was the position of the Jews in Germany then. Could the magnanimous spirit of Moses Mendelssohn revisit the earth and see what is now going on in Germany and Russia, he must surely despair of the education of the human race as foreshadowed by his equally magnanimous friend "Nathan the Wise" is often given in German theaters, and eager audiences sit out the long and somewhat monotonous play for the sake of the noble diction and still nobler sentiments it contains. But it is not "the letter that killeth, the spirit that keepeth alive." Little avail the teaching of "Nathan the Wise" in Germany just now.

A Gloomy View.

The Cincinnati Commercial, which keeps remarkably well posted through intelligent correspondents at Washington, contained in its issue of yesterday the following editorial, written after two o'clock in the morning:

The measured, gloomy words of Secretary Blaine's dispatch to the nations of Europe, through Minister Lowell, last night, tell the story of depression and anxiety as to the condition of the President.

It seems as though by some irresistible, fateful force the most valuable life in this country was being extinguished. Relapse follows relapse, and each finds the brave President weaker—a step nearer the abyss of death.

Night before last he did not rest well, the swelling in his throat disturbing and gathering phlegm choking him into wakefulness, and yesterday there was a rise in temperature, and the distressing symptom of vomiting returned.

There is but little consolation in the theory that the vomiting was caused by the swollen throat, or that a little water has been retained. The trouble is that, in the President's exhausted state, he cannot be long sustained unless the stomach does its work kindly. If the throat swelling has interfered, it is a symptom of the utmost gravity.

It is impossible to resist the impression that the last of the reserve forces of the President are about exhausted, and that we are witnessing a struggle between awful energies for evil on one side and broken and failing strength on the other. At last it is said the President's mind is clouded, and "the unconquerable will" that has sustained him looses its grasp, so that he drifts like a helpless ship sinking in a stormy sea.

The situation is not desperate, but the public faith that the calamity that would befall the Nation in the loss of the President must in some mysterious way be averted is faltering. The faith has rallied again and again, and has been wonderfully restored and lifted up, only to be dashed down. God grant that it may be justified, but while hope is still vivid there is no longer cheerful confidence or serious expectation that the President can recover.

Henry's Carbolic Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all kinds of skin eruptions, freckles and pimples. Be sure you get Henry's carbolic salve, as all others are but imitations and counterfeits. Price 25 cents.

Dr. Green's Oxygenated Bitters

is the best remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, malaria, indigestion, all disorders of the stomach, and diseases of the blood, kidneys, liver, skin, etc.

Durno's catarrh snuff cures all affections of the mucous membrane of the head and throat.

Dr. Mot's liver pills are the best cathartic.

LEDDER Bindery, 13 Madison.

W. F. Maender.

DEALER IN—
Guns, Pistols, Fishing Tackle,
DOCK AND TRUNK LOCKS,
Key Fitting, Etc.
No. 22 Madison Street.
Repairs promptly attended to. 131
Chancery Sale of Real Estate.
No. 352, 2-Chancery Court of Shelby county
Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad vs.
Tenn. & Va. Ry. Co.
By virtue of an interlocutory decree for sale,
entered in the above cause on the 15th
day of July, 1881, No. 22, page 20, I will sell,
at public auction, to the highest bidder, in
front of the Clerk and Master's office, court-
house of Shelby county, Memphis, Tennessee,
on
Saturday, August 27, 1881,
within legal hours, the following described
property, situated in Shelby county, Tenn.,
to-wit:
Lot number thirty-four (34) on north side of
Ketchikan street, and lot number six (6) on
south side of Market street, each running
thorough to Walnut street, being a part
of what is known as the future addition to
Memphis, and they designated on the plan of
said future addition.
Terms of Sale—Cash.
This day 20, 1881.
R. J. BLACK, Clerk and Master.
C. F. Vance, H. E. Avery, Attys. 127 152

W. F. Maender.

DEALER IN—
Guns, Pistols, Fishing Tackle,
DOCK AND TRUNK LOCKS,
Key Fitting, Etc.
No. 22 Madison Street.
Repairs promptly attended to. 131
Chancery Sale of Real Estate.
No. 352, 2-Chancery Court of Shelby county
Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad vs.
Tenn. & Va. Ry. Co.
By virtue of an interlocutory decree for sale,
entered in the above cause on the 15th
day of July, 1881, No. 22, page 20, I will sell,
at public auction, to the highest bidder, in
front of the Clerk and Master's office, court-
house of Shelby county, Memphis, Tennessee,
on
Saturday, August 27, 1881,
within legal hours, the following described
property, situated in Shelby county, Tenn.,
to-wit:<